

if I'll draw in
more visitors. I
wishes you to
keep the
spiritual part of
my letter.

Providence, Aug. 10, 1874.

Dear Wife—After a severe rain-storm for more than two days—which probably extended throughout New England—we have a glorious morning, the sun shining in cloudless brilliancy. Once more the bay will be crowded with pleasure-seeking parties, drawn from every part of the State, and from long distances out of it, and every place of sea-side resort will have its ^{excursions} thronging visitors. The number of ^{here}, from day to day, by all sorts of associations, is truly surprising, affording a most picturesque spectacle. Frank could have spent his vacation here as delightfully as at Lake George, attended with very stirring accompaniments, though losing the mountainous grandeur of that very lovely region. But Narragansett bay is full of attractions, and the interest of tourists in it is increasing annually, their number augmenting to a remarkable extent. Of course, Newport is the focal point of beauty and fashion.

Think of a single steam-boat bringing up to this city, at one time, more than four thousand persons!

Yesterday I did not go out of the house, the rain falling steadily all the day. In the evening bro. Henry and Frederick spent an hour with me, and Thomas Davis remained till nearly 10 o'clock. The former reported all well at home. Thomas said Paulina was at Pomfret, (Ct.) for a change of air, still suffering from her rheumatic gout. He is looking and feeling better than when I last saw him. He proposes to give me a ride in a day or two. Dr. Dow estimates ^{him} to be worth a million of dollars! I told him that I thought a hundred thousand dollars would be nearer the actual amount; but the Dr. thought his landed property alone was worth half a million of dollars. I still think it is an exaggerated estimate, as Thomas incidentally remarked in the course of conversation that, in consequence of increasing taxation, he might feel compelled to sell his estate, which covers about thirty acres, and for which he gave only fifty dollars an acre!

Mrs. Chace, of Valley Falls, is now here, taking a Turkish bath for her rheumatic difficulty; after which, I am going to visit with her one of the State institutions, she having her carriage at the door. She and Lillie intend leaving home for Winthrop in their carriage on Wednesday, resting at Dedham that night.

This morning brings me your letter of yesterday, and one from William, giving me an interesting account of his visit to Nantucket — for both of which, thanks! I was particularly glad to hear about Mrs. Nathaniel Barney, and that he found her so agreeable. I did not know that she was living on the island.

On my return, I shall be interested in seeing the photographic view of Wendell's house, and the picture of darling greenly Kate. I wonder why Rockwood, who took them, does not send me one of the several photographs of myself, that he took when I was in New York. He thought he had succeeded excellently in his impressions.

I saw the death of Alfred H. Love's father in the papers, but did not know that Mrs. Edward Hopper had also departed this life. A happy release to her, but a severe bereavement to her husband and mother. I must write a sympathizing letter to them.

George and Anna must have had a rainy Sunday at Plymouth, but a day or two of sunshine will make their visit a delightful one. Dr. Green and his wife are truly fast friends, in a reliable sense.

I am glad to hear that Ellie is so happily enjoying herself. I must try to send her a letter.

I regret to be absent from home, so that I cannot show some attentions to Miss McLaren; but you will all give her such a welcome, when she visits you, as will be pleasantly remembered by her on her return to Edinburgh.

I ^{was} greatly amused and surprised to be told by Fanny that Charlotta had turned up in all her gigantic proportions. Perhaps Sojourner may come next.

Yours loving W. L. G.